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THE CHIRONIAN.

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AFTER the large and attentive audience which the Hahnemannian Society obtained at its Annual Exercises at the University Club Theatre, it is doubtful if that body ever relapses into the old custom of asking its friends to climb four flights of stairs and sit in a dingy and uncomfortable amphitheatre on these occasions. The wisdom of venturing away from home and thereby securing a comfortable, commodious and easily accessible hall has been amply demonstrated, and the old custom being once overruled it will be rather surprising if the next class return to the amphitheatre. It is to be hoped, however, if the same place of meeting is again secured, that some measures will be taken to prevent or smother such sounds of revelry as those that proved so annoying the other evening. A large portion of the audience were unable to hear the addresses from the stage without the closest attention.

THE effort that '85 made last year in regard to the College Library, has been more than equaled by '86. At its class meeting, action was taken which will positively insure some valuable additions and, it is hoped, engender a permanent spirit of interest in the matter on the part of the faculty and alumni. The Class, through its committee, not only places in the library several standard volumes as its own contribution, but has already obtained from many of the Professors, who are authors, promises of their works, and is still continuing its efforts. The needs of the College in the way of a Library are too evident to require any long-winded argument. Still, the matter has lain dormant in the past, with a few periodic spasms of enthusiasm which have been short and remarkably barren of any visible or lasting results. It seems now, however, as though something tangible would be accomplished by the present effort. THE CHIRONIAN will give some books, pamphlets and magazines; and the next Board will probably do likewise.

Some one from the Senior Class should be appointed custodian and should look after the books and regulate their use. As the number of volumes increases, probably the Faculty will provide sufficient accommodations.

TO-DAY the final number of Volume II. of THE CHIRONIAN is submitted to our readers. With its issue the Board of Editors that has had it in charge the past year makes its bow, steps down and out, having performed the task for which it was appointed. In thus completing its second year of existence THE CHIRONIAN has demonstrated its right to live and its ability to support itself through the friends it makes. Its mission of bringing the Alumni into closer and more active relationship with their Alma Mater, of promoting the welfare of the New York Homœopathic Medical College and of aiding the undergraduates in their search for medical lore, is noble enough to justify its existence and bespeaks for it the moral and material support of each alumnus and student.

On this occasion, the last that the present management will have to address its widely-scattered audience, it is not unfitting that the heartfelt thanks of the Board of Editors be extended to those who have staunchly given it the needed support, who have signified their appreciation of that which has been good in its work, and passed leniently over the mistakes which are an enevitable part of every enterprise. And, too, the Managing Editors take this opportunity to acknowledge the invaluable assistance rendered by the Associated Editors, especially by those gentlemen who have so regularly filled their departments with carefully collected material. The choice of the class for Business Manager has been more than vindicated, the present incumbent having been indefatigable in his efforts to make THE CHIRONIAN a financial as well as a literary success.

But THE CHIRONIAN does not die with the exit of the present Board. Already the men are elected from the new Senior and Middle Classes to carry forward its banner next year. We bespeak for them the same kindly consideration and quick appreciation which has been ours the past year. A more valuable legacy we could not leave them.

Hahnemannian Society Exercises.

PROGRAMME.

1. Instrumental Duet, . W. I. LYON, E. M. HATCH.
2. Annual Address, . . . BY THE PRESIDENT.
3. Vocal Solo, "Non e Ver," FRANK E. MILLER, M.D.
4. Address to the Society, CLARENCE E. BEEBE, M.D.
5. Vocal Solo, "Come Where the Lindens Bloom." L. L. Danforth, M.D.
6. Class Poem, ... S. H. KNIGHT.
7. Vocal Solo, ... "My Dearest Heart." Frank E. Miller, M.D.
8. Class Prognosis, . . GEORGE T. HAWLEY.
9. Vocal Solo, . "Old Heidelberg, Thou Fair One." L. L. Danforth, M.D.
10. Delivery of Diplomas, . BY THE PRESIDENT.
11. Serenade,
    Dr. Miller, Mr. C. W. Demarest,
    Mr. C. N. Platt, Dr. W. H. Jones.
12. Send-off to '86, . . . GEORGE B. BEST, '87.

OFFICERS OF THE SOCIETY.

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THE audience which filled the University Club Theatre on the evening of April 14th to listen to the fourteenth annual exercises of the Hahnemannian Society was larger and more brilliant than any which had ever graced any previous anniversary. Unfortunately their patience was most sorely tried before the graduating class appeared on the stage. The occasion of the delay was the non-appearance of some of the gentlemen who were to execute the musical part of the programme. Prof. L. L. Danforth, who had kindly consented to sing, opened the exercises with a vocal solo, and in response to an encore sang again.

President Smoot's address to the Society reviewed its work in the past.

Then Dr. Miller sang and was recalled.

Prof. Clarence E. Beebe then delivered the Address to the Society. The Committee of Arrangements was most happy in its choice of a speaker for this occasion. Prof. Beebe chose as his subject "Specialism." He showed the folly of devotion to a specialty at first before seeing much general practice. He pointed out the advantages and disadvantages of devotion to a specialty at all. The address was thoroughly enjoyed by all, although about this time the noises which proved so serious an annoyance during the latter part of the evening began.

The Class Poem by Stephen H. Knight, A. B., was of unusual merit and was received with frequent rounds of applause—the references to some of the lecture-room scenes being thoroughly appreciated by his class-mates and the sympathetic audience.

After another song by Professor Danforth, the Class Prognosis was delivered by George T. Hawley. Mr. Hawley drew mind-pictures of some of his class-mates as he said they would appear in ten or fifteen years from the present date. The audience laughed and applauded when the class did so, but were evidently somewhat mystified.

Then came another vocal solo, followed by the presentation of the Diplomas of the Society to those who were to take the College Diplomas the succeeding evening. The Diploma has the signatures of nearly one-half the class and is chiefly valuable as an autograph album.

Before listening to the Send-off, Messrs. Miller, Platt, Demarest and Jones, sang a beautiful serenade. In his Send-off to '86, Mr. Best reviewed, in a rather satirical way, some of the characteristics of the Class as a whole and of some individual members. Both the matter and the delivery of this address were polished.

This concluded the exercises of the evening, and the members of the Society and their friends slowly disbanded, feeling well satisfied with the evening's entertainment.

Annual Address.

BY PRESIDENT P. GORDON SMOOT, A.B.

HERE to-night, with a larger sphere, a loftier purpose and a brighter future than any she has yet known, the Hahnemannian Society stands to welcome her friends, to take her reckonings and say farewell to another class.

I esteem it a signal mark of the favor of my associates that this delicate and pleasing duty has fallen to my care.

And yet, in its performance, I find so much that is worthy the hand of a master, that I must needs claim your indulgence in its performance.

But why, I may ask, are we here at all? What means this assembly of intelligent people with one accord, and these seats around me filled with expectant *débutants?* May I not answer that the immortal and eternal truths proclaimed by the lofty soul which gave our society a name are marching on to the conquest of the world of medical thought?

It is inspiring to those who honor and bless the name of Hahnemann, that the power and force of his school of medicine not only have hewed their way to universal recognition and respect, but that the bitterest opponents and most violent enemies pay to it the homage which virtue exacts from vice in an imitation and practice of that which they profess to dispise.

"*Semilia, Similibus, Curantur*" is not only the slogan of the army of veterans who have met and conquered one after another of the diseases that prey on mortals, but the fundamental truths wrapped up in the maxim have leavened the whole medical lump, so that thousands to-day who worship not at our shrine nor profess our faith, carry to the sick and the afflicted the balm prepared by our alchemy and heal with the potent remedies of our own great master.

And not only so, but waxing strong and vigorous with the strength of added years, the school of medicine presenting here to-night some of the fruits of its labors, stretches its benign influence from land to land, from ocean to ocean and from river to river, until the dawn of the day is already at hand, which shall never grow to darkness on a practitioner of this faith.

The vigor, the power, the faithfulness and the standards of our schools throughout this land, headed by this nourishing mother of ours, is also cause of joy and gratulation to those who rejoice in work well done. If Homœopathic doctors are not good ones it is no fault of the Homœopathic colleges. We live in a day when not the opportunity—for opportunities are

> "As thick as the autumnal leaves
> That strew the brooks of Vallambrosa"—

but when the strength and calibre of the man are the measures of his usefulness and greatness.

Surely those who profess our faith could ask nothing more, and the measure of success already achieved marks the keenness with which the profession appreciates the existence of conditions so favorable to its growth and development.

May we not hope that what our eyes have seen and our ears have heard are but the vigorous efforts of a sturdy youth to whom the serene majesty and power of a mature manhood are yet to come.

There yet remains to me the most difficult task of all. What shall I say to those who have been my yoke-fellows in this society of our love and of our hopes? How speak of the difficulties encountered, the victories achieved, the battles

won, the ground gained, the heights to which we have climbed together? In what words shall I clothe the thought now uppermost in every heart unless I refuse all subterfuge and say that the time for farewells and for separation has come? But in the experience of the pain those feel who part with mutual tears and regrets, there is the anæsthetic of hope which points to a reunion on the world's broad field of battle under brighter skies on a longer day. We may at least take with us the consciousness of work well done, of a purpose fulfilled in a stern and lofty endeavor, and of some fruits, at least, for Commencement day.

My task would be in no wise finished if I failed in this public manner to tender personal thanks to the officers and professors of the New York Homœopathic Medical College for the interest taken and the instruction imparted to those who have sat at their feet since last October. "Well done, good and faithful servants," is the plaudit which justice, without gratitude, must award you. For all of us I can wish no better fate than that we may

> "So live that, when our summons comes
> To join the innumerable caravan that moves
> To the mysterious realms of night,
> Where each shall take his chamber in
> The silent halls of death,"

That we may

> "Go not like the quarry slave
> At night scourged to his dungeon,
> But, sustained and soothed by an
> Unfaltering trust, approach our graves
> As one who wraps the drapery of his
> Couch about him and lies down to
> Pleasant dreams."

Class Poem.

BY STEPHEN H. KNIGHT, A.B.

WHEN I look around about me
On familiar faces here,
And see the lordly graduate,
An M.D. now so near;
See alumni and their families—
Now many growing gray;
And middle men and juniors,
So festive and so gay,
My mind and spirit wander
To just one year ago,
When in the upper lecture-room
I sat in an outer row
And heard the wit and wisdom,
Both daring and alive,
In poem and prognosis bold,
Set forth by "'85."
I heard with awe and wonder,
Their diction was so fine;
Their style I could but envy then;
I wish it now were mine.

The scenery now is altered much,
The actors, too, you 'll say,
But do not scorn the talent here,
Nor call it weaker, pray:
For here in these new environs
Genius must better thrive;
And I 'll leave it quick to any fool
That "six" is more than "five."

An extra lot of students we,
The profs. all tell us so.
We all are sure to make our mark,
The high down to the low.
Right here in sight is "Dr. Faust,"
With Magarita near;
A favorite actress swells our list,
Her name is "Lillian" dear—
Now fearful juniors take the hint
"Martino" never mind,
Be sure and dog the lecturers round
And so salvation find.
A man we have just come from Koch,
A student of Pasteur;
Bacteria are his daily bread—
Rich food I must aver.
Of college men we 've got our share,
From high school and from low,
And many men I 've on my list—
This metre runs too slow.

So listen, dear friends, and let me tell
A story known to us quite well,
Of our noisy, riotous, student life,
With its throwing of cushions and daily strife;
Of our trips to the island in the city's boat,
When scarce a loud word escaped from our throat,
For fear of the captain whose delicate brain
"'85" all unbalanced and drove near insane.
The Commissioners, too, tremblingly stood,
For Hom'paths are rough but Allopaths good.
Nevertheless, in spite of their fear,
The boat did n't sink, we 're all of us here.
Our quizzes were conducted with extra good aim,
Direct at the Seniors for the knowledge they claim.

Some on the front seats, others far back—
Who think for a doctor that nothing they lack—
Were doubled all up and their joints overflexed
By the dear young professor who shouts "Next, next, come next."
On the bean-shaped organ we thoroughly ground,
And upon its anatomy are solid and sound.
Now let me diverge for a moment I pray,
And give you an incident of every Friday.

On a seat by the door a grave Senior sat,
Singing "Willow, titwillow, titwillow!"
And I said to him, "Senior, why not come down,
Singing 'Willow, titwillow, titwillow'?"
"Is it need of a nap, poor fellow?" I cried,
"Or will the front seat freeze your little inside?"
With a look of affright on his face he replied,
"'T is Dillow, 't is Dillow, 't is Dillow!"

In surgical history our class is renowned;
I say it positively there cannot be found
A man who will blunder on "Ambrose Paré."
That "Galen is dead," I 'll venture they 'll say.
In practice we 'll tell when the liver goes wrong,
Or stomach and bowel join in with the throng
Of horrible ailments that suffering make
And invite you of powders and pills to partake.
Lectures on "insanity" were mighty good fun—
Not one of us now but an asylum could run.
The man who points with his finger—just so!—
And asks for "Morgagni's hydatids," we know.
As also the man that breaks in on our sleep,
While for the rest of the night vigils we keep
With a laboring mother, whose task then begun,
Increases humanity most always by one.
"Sympathic" iritis and "glaukoma" we know,
As to look into ears and Pulitzer's to blow.
We 've gazed into throats and caught the voice sound
As it through the "rima glottidis" wound.
Last I will mention, but surely not least,
The knowledge we spread at the Censor's great feast.
For small favors we are thankful; for large, more—
What would have happened had they "Wet-more" than four?
Hurrah for Commencement! Hurrah for the time!
When exams. are behind us and warm is the clime,
That invites us to loaf, to study, to play;
For the fate of young doctors—so I 've heard say—
Is to wait for their patients and then for their pay.

But here now let me draw the line—
And if to gravity you can incline,
Give me a word.
Ours is a happy lot!
In yon three years—an epoch's space!
The knowledge gained what one can trace
Through hopes, or tears, or fainting heart
Of many toiler in the art
To which we turn.
What ancient sage, blind with a child's conceits,
So proud, so versatile, so rich, so learned,
As any student here? A few more years
He will perform, as miracles, great feats
On body and on mind. Another stride
Spans several centuries; and so at length
"We grow into the stature of ourselves."
There 's not a babe in medicine but knows
More than the wisest ever dreamed, of those
Who are its heroes.
Into a single day—yea, hour!—is run
The wisdom of a thousand years, forsooth!
And in our hands, and hands of such as we,
Lies the world's destiny. Do we accept
The trust and pledge ourselves to seek for truth?
Not worthy we of our chaste ancestry
If we a moment swerve or fall away.
So, then, farewell!
Farewell—again farewell!—to those who come
To the fast friendship of our lives; to those
"We 've grappled to our souls with hooks of steel
That shall not easily be loosed again."

Prognosis.

BY G. T. HAWLEY.

MR. PRESIDENT AND FELLOW-MEMBERS OF THE HAHNEMANNIAN SOCIETY:

IF there is one time more than another when a physician needs strength of character and boldness of spirit, it is when he finds himself forced to give an unfavorable prognosis in the case of a wealthy patient. Man has a distinct and positive horror of unpleasant predictions; and the unfortunate individual who is obliged to make them is, in the popular mind, largely to blame for their existence. If you tell a sick man he is not going to recover, he straightway discharges you and sends for some other medical wise man, and you lose a fat thing. He is so deluded as to imagine that you are the cause of his condition!

Now, for the sake of my personal safety, I wish to announce to my classmates that I am in no way to be blamed for the pictures I may give of their futures—it is their personal character that has warranted them; and, furthermore, the demolition of their humble servant will not make the matter any better, though it might afford them some passing pleasure.

You know it is considered the proper thing for the prognostitian to dream or have a vision or something of that kind. Now, unfortunately, I never dream, and it has been in vain that I have eaten indigestible things late at night. Dreams won't come. So that method of looking into the future has completely failed me, much to my disgust and to your loss, I doubt not. I can only ask you to use your imagination, that airy faculty of the mind, so well suited to such matters as the business at hand.

We are standing on the margin of that great aggregation of swamp, lake and river which so thoroughly monopolizes the State of Florida. All about us wave the tall reeds and swampland grasses. In the distance are those gloomy and well-nigh impenetrable forests of the cypress. Toward us, from one of those dark glades, moves an object which finally resolves itself into a man. He is tall and slender; but the most curious thing is that, though he must be wading where the mire and water is almost bottomless, none of his height seems to be swallowed up. He steps on *terra firma*, and it is explained. We recognize the legs as being those of our old classmate, Dr. P. Gordon, once President of the Hahn. Society. Climbing upon a tall stump we succeed in getting a view of his face, and are able to discern the remains of the moustache he wore when we graduated. He has for the last ten years been trying the effect of high fluction potencies on the sensitive organisms of the alligators and with varying results. He reports that his long legs have served him in excellent stead in the pursuit of his practice.

In that boat over there sits Stacey, who in the old college days was never far off when Smoot was in sight. Since graduation he has devoted himself with his usual persistence, but without his traditional success, to the task of winning the heart of a certain dusky maiden, the only survivor of her Indian progenitors. This unwonted lack of success has told on poor "Stace," and he is a mere wreck of the man we knew in '86.

Let us journey northward to the capital city of these United States; we shall there see in the Presidential chair a member of the class to which we belong. Martin always bore himself as though he owned the earth and half a dozen or so other planets, though we never definitely conceded the claim. He deserted medicine for politics several years ago, finding in the latter more play for his peculiar aspirations.

That other personification of the same spirit has been less fortunate. That tall man with the hair of auburn hue and the calm air of conscious superiority, seated upon the box of the Presidential coach, was once seen on the back seats of our college amphitheatre, a position which enabled him to look condescendingly upon the rest of us, and at the same time avoid the quiz. Evidently, like the actress for whom he was named, "Lillian" is not what he once thought he was.

If we now turn our steps to the classic slopes of Ithaca, we may see a man for whom we have a question. He looks much as he used to and is still getting up a club for something. Stay, I want to speak to him. I say, Keeler, when are we to receive those aural mirrors and speculæ ordered through you last year at College? He flees as though a demon pursued him.

Hallock has made a specialty of the eye. One day, about nine years ago, a pretty damsel came to his office to have her eyes examined. She is now Mrs. Hallock. The young ladies may make note of the fact if they choose. There are, also, a lot of little Hallocks, who are uncertain whether their father's name is Hallock or Keeler.

Now let us turn our attention to New York City, where a number of the class of '86 have settled. The first individual we notice at the station is a newsboy of uncertain years, imposing stature and remarkable adipose development, crying evening papers. Those who are best acquainted with "George" assure us that it was not owing to any lack of success in medicine that he gave it up for his present profession; but because, in his college days, he had become so addicted to yelling, at top of his voice, "Telegram! five o'clock!!" that it was impossible to break it off.

To-night is the meeting of the County Medical Society, and Oley presides. His shadow has not grown less in the years since we last saw him; indeed, the circumference of his waist is nearly twice as great as of yore. He has been made the presiding officer in order to allow the

other members of the Society to say something. The first paper read is entitled "Synostosis, or Growths Beneath the Nails." It is by Doctor Putnam, who made a special study of the subject during his college course and has since continued it. The treatise is an exhausting one, and when the author has concluded and retired, a short Doctor with long hair and a face covered with mosquito bites rises, and with a solemn air of inquiry asks: "Mr. President, what is a synostosis, anyway?" We recognize the inquisitive gentleman as Dr. M. of Jersey. Then Dr. Reynolds arises and endeavors to make some Witte remarks. He says that the Knight of uncertainty in regard to the value of Licorish as a remedy has not yet passed. Some think it never would Bemiss-ed; others that it would be necessary to Hunt the Materia Medica through to find a drug so Ritch in a certain class of symptoms; while a few try to Dodge the question entirely. For his part he means to hold to it like Grimm death. The business of election of officers is now taken up, and the bald-headed man with the jolly face, who has been moving among the members during the papers and speeches, now rises and makes a nomination. We recognize him as "Bob," otherwise known as "One of the ring," or "chief conspirator." It does our soul good to see that he has not changed.

There is one editor of a medical journal among the graduates of '86. We shall have to go a long distance to see him, but it is worth while. His home is in Alaska, and he edits the *Alaska Medicine Man.* He writes all the articles himself and is happy. Surely it can be none other than our friend Witte, who was noted for his muscle and his moustache, the latter having its only rival on the upper lip of Smoot.

We have now a sad call to make. It is on the Middletown Asylum for the Insane. Our Professor of mental diseases still has charge, and is fatter and jollier than ever. His fund of stories is larger, if possible, than in the days when he lectured to us on hysteria and epilepsy. We ask to see Van Alstyne, and are led to a grated door, through which we peep and behold a man frantically jumping about the room and endeavoring to kill with a chair imaginary creatures, all the time yelling "rats, rats." We had hoped that there was some mistake, that this was not the Van Alstyne that sat next to us in the amphitheatre, but this exclamation left no room for doubt. It was so absolutely characteristic.

Then we ask for Knight. This time we are shown to a ward sitting-room. There, in the centre of the floor, on a raised platform, stands the man who wrote the poem for the Class of '86. He is repeating over and over again the productions which made him famous. It was a good poem, but the effort of production proved too much for his mental equilibrium, and he has been in this sad state ever since.

Now, if you would like to see the ex-President of the Toboggan Club, come with me. In a pleasant office, not one hundred miles from New York, sits a clerical-looking man, with a fine, full beard. Among the objects of bric-à-brac is a toboggan modeled after the one on which he and the other members of the club used to coast over the backs of the seats of the amphitheatre. But the pleasantest feature of the room is a gentleman who is paying his doctor's bill. Suddenly, with startling clearness, from the sanctimonious doctor, ring out the words: "This is too much." It is unnecessary to say that the speaker was Faust, whose mirth-provoking exploits were such a source of dismay to the faculty.

It is ONLY in imagination that it will be possible to see Bartholomew. After graduation he went on a polar expedition and, getting as far north as Watertown, was snowed in. Though the rest of the party was rescued the next summer, "Barth." preferred to stay and practice among the natives. Rumor has it that he wooed and won the daughter of the head man of the village and lives happily, forgetful of his old flames.

To see the man who was once business manager of THE CHIRONIAN it will be necessary to make another long flight. The fact is that "Grandpa" also went on an expedition—in his case to Paris, and accompanied only by the whole profits of THE CHIRONIAN. He has since been living on the interest of his money. It was a cruel blow to the other members of the board

of editors, who were thus unfeelingly deprived of the money upon which they had expected to live while starting in practice.

Did time permit, there are many others whom we would like to show you. They are all prosperous practitioners, some of them professors of colleges. We have given glimpses of only a few of our number. You must carry on your further investigations alone.

Send-off to '86.

BY G. B. BEST, '87.

MR. PRESIDENT, LADIES AND GENTLEMEN:

AS the college years roll by and every April chronicles among its important events the exercises of the Hahnemannian Society, it falls to the lot of some unfortunate and ignobly-titled "middle man" to occupy a seat among these grave and learned Seniors, and to deliver to them what they, with such native elegance, denominate a "Send-off."

The preparation of an article which would attempt to fulfill this vaguely-named duty has been, I assure you, no enjoyable task. And although the subject has rankled in the attic of my anatomy for three months, yet I feel it my first need to ask of you that tolerance and leniency with which only a kind and sympathizing audience can indulge a mistakenly-chosen speaker.

Without losing sight of the course pursued by my esteemed predecessor, whose wit and eloquence thrilled the hearts of the Class of '85, I have determined (since fortune has honored me with so grand a theme) to speak in the main of the better qualities and natures of these gentlemen; while the remaining classes would not sustain me in ignoring the class-characteristics.

It would be needless—indeed preposterous on my part to offer the slightest hint of the prodigious intellect—the encyclopedic knowledge which must needs lie beneath such an array of marble pates and cosmetics. Behold them! Doctors of Medicine! The soldierly conquerors of that insidious and dreaded vampire—Disease! The brave and generous benefactors whose unrelenting efforts have for their aim the stupendous achievement of keeping soul and body together. Healers of the sick! Bow down, O ye mortal subjects of bilious attacks and buckwheat cakes, and reverence these victorious Gladiators of Pit—*epigastrium*.

As a class, this is to be not only a brilliant constellation in the very zenith of the Healing Art; but they have "on the list" varied and unique talents irrelative to their professional course.

And now, ladies and gentlemen, with your kind forbearance, and under the protection of your chaste and wrath-suppressing presence, I will briefly remind these worthy dignitaries that their characteristic side-show accomplishments are not altogether unappreciated.

Among the enviable reputations this class enjoys is one quite uncommonly associated with so grave a profession; but one which acknowledges them to be the *crack cushion-shots* known to the history of the college, and one which, I regret exceedingly to say, has been misinterpreted by the Dean for "Rowdyism."

Another of these talents, remarkably inconsistent with the supposed mental predominance of the doctor—and difficult as it may be to comprehend, there are among these apparent pillars of the Temple of Wisdom those who would sustain with excellent grace the potent and chivalrous name of Sullivan. Indeed, while you recognize them here in conventional black as the sedate apostles of a still more sober calling, it is reserved for us, who have observed them in the cushion-battle and the surging college "rush," to understand how well adapted is their impending title—Healers!

As the courageous invariably calls up the poetic muse, I am here reminded of Byron's couplet:

> "Cupid hath not in all his arrows choice,
> A dart for the heart like a sweet voice."

And now, perhaps, it would not be complimenting our Seniors too highly to suggest: That those of *them* whose voices are somewhat more to the ear than the soft strains of Faust rippling over the wavelets of a star-reflecting lake, would

be more aptly placed in the quietude of some—farmer's barnyard! where their heroic voices could be utilized in *calling home the cows.*

But the most unaccountable gift peculiar to certain sprigs of this "Tree of Knowledge" has been displayed in the professor's quiz. It consists in a happy ability to answer the most complex questions with a guess that startles even the professors themselves. Whether this peculiar ability is "*congenital*" or "*acquired*," I will not attempt to decide.

Here, too, beneath these proudly undulating bosoms, a spark of boldness—daring burns. Veritable Napoleons are these, lacking only the magic touch of opportunity to burst their smouldering natures into a world-wide and glorious fame. These will not long suffer their spirits to be buried in the grim love of medicine; but in connection with the next Arctic exploration you shall read their eulogies by the column. For when the weary voyage is done, and icy monuments sway coldly over many a human sacrifice—when at last the mystic goal is reached, and the world is on the eve of opening a new page in the history of her wonderful discoveries—then will ring the nation's welcome to the news brought down like a flash from the frigid quarters by those same daring Seniors, who learned tobogganing over the seats of the college amphitheatre.

I could select from this exalted phalanx—like the great law of Homœopathy itself: mighty in minuteness—an element which but properly organized would rival the "Greatest Show on Earth." I mean that element (and I hope I will be pardoned for this evasion of names) that, while comprehending all the secrets of the "Ring," can out-kick the stubbornest jackass in the arena and copy every grace-note from the band.

Indeed, I could extend this unprofitable discourse into the wee hours, but it would be nothing more than an exposition still of the many talents peculiar to this phenomenal class. And so, with a few words to our embarking Seniors, I will relapse into the ranks of those whom, in another year, custom will uncover to the mercies of the revengeful Middle man.

GENTLEMEN OF THE GRADUATING CLASS—In addressing you on this occasion, I cannot claim that I feel the spark of paternal love prompting my remarks; but, as a brother, I beg of you open your hearts, if not to me, to the few words I have yet to say.

After Honor, Conscientiousness, and Liberality of thought and deed, the principal charge I would make to you is that you remember this important fact: That in the future those who surround you as co-workers in the broad field of medical science will not be "Middle men;" that perhaps as many as three or four of *them* may be worthy of their honorable M.D. as well as yourselves.

And if the time should ever come when your minds so far depart from the kingdom of self as to wander back to the old College, with its sky-mounting stairs; its grotesquely-carved seats; its chalked and penciled walls—with the noisy juniors and the trespassing "middlers"; the excessive repletions of materia medica and the desperate "boning"—think, then, of this slighted and despised middle class, whom, in the spirit of your lofty conceit, you recognized only as an uncomfortable settee. Think of them as *middlemen* still; or as doctors that are always *to be*, or as

> "Imperial Cæsars, down to a Henry Clay,
> And driving bungs to let the *wind* away;"

but do not, in your unapproachable pride, for a moment forget they have an unquestionable right to *vote.*

GENTLEMEN—When to-morrow evening you shall go forth from the Chickering Hall with your ribboned trophies of a three years' fight, you will have reason to feel deeply gratified. And when you disperse in all directions from the Alma Mater to try your skill in the art you have chosen, it will behoove you to bear in mind that merely the *skirmish* is ended; that the real conflict—the struggle for professional success—is yet to be encountered; that the day has come when Practice, with all its exacting emergencies, is to supersede Theory; when earnestness and a grave responsibility must supplant carelessness and class-room mirth. Henceforth your subjects will be the living, the suffering flesh, instead of the

manikin and the mangled dead. It is a serious future—a calling whose aim is among the noblest aspirations of men. And I assure you, none will wish you a more encouraging start—a more prosperous course and a grander achievement—than the Middle Class.

And now, may I not say: Brothers! There is but one word yet to be spoken between us. That word which sounds so hollow as it rings on the memory of separation; that word as often sprayed with the dews of Pathos as checkered with the beams of Hope; that word which issues from the mother's breast, and means: God speed you, son; that word whose very bitterness makes sweet the lover's lingering kiss, and melts the bravest warrior's heart:—Good-bye.

The College Commencement.

IT was a large and brilliant audience that filled Chickering Hall on the evening of the 15th inst., as the graduating class marched down the aisle to their seats near the stage. And they were there to see the forty-two young men take their diplomas. The pleasant flutter of excitement and the air of expectation affected not only those most nearly concerned, but the sympathetic audience also—made up as it was of relatives, friends and sweethearts.

After the opening prayer, Prof. T. F. Allen, A.M., M.D., LL.D., Dean of the Faculty, made an address in which he reviewed the work of the past year and dwelt on the attitude of our college toward higher and more perfect medical education. He mentioned the needs of the college in the way of endowment, and expressed the hope that not many years may pass ere all that now seems so unattainable shall be accomplished fact.

In the absence of Hon. Salem H. Wales, the President of the Board of Trustees, Mr. Edmund Dwight, the Vice-President, conferred the degrees which transformed the forty-two members of the graduating class from ordinary young men into Doctors of Medicine, and delivered the customary address.

The presentation of prizes was made by Prof. Wm. Tod Helmuth, M.D., President of the Faculty, in his usually happy vein. The first Faculty prize was captured by Dr. J. W. Dowling, Jr., of New York City, he having made the high average of 99.3. Dr. J. W. McMillan, of Jersey City, received the second Faculty prize, his average being 98.2. Those of the graduating class that received honorable mention are the following: Dr. S. H. Knight with an average of 97.4, Dr. W. B. Winchell with an average of 96.4, and Drs. O. G. Hunt, W. U. Reynolds and W. H. Jones. Four more members of the class were above 90 in their standing.

The Wales prize was awarded to Mr. E. D. Fitch, of '87. Mr. Fitch's average was 99. Other members of the same class who received honorable mention were Messrs. Crooks, Russell, Thayer, Jacobus and Schumann.

The address to the Graduating Class by the Rev. George T. Dowling, of Cleveland, Ohio, was eminently suited to accomplish its object of directing their attention to the elements which are necessary for success. The subject of the address was the relative advantages of a professional and of a mercantile or business life. The speaker led up to the conclusion that only a man's personal tendencies and desires ought be considered when deciding which life to prepare for.

Rarely if ever have we listened to so fine a class valedictory as that delivered on this occasion by G. M. McDowell, A. M. Mr. McDowell shunned the rocks which wreck so many valedictorians. The close attention of the audience was his from beginning to end. His subject was "The Young Physician; What is expected of him, and what he expects of the public." The delivery was every where good.

With the Benediction the exercises closed, the audience slowly dispersed, and there were forty-two more homœopathic doctors.

Appended is the programme and list of graduates:

MUSICAL SELECTIONS.

Overture, -	"Raymond," -	Thomas.
Selection, - -	"Mikado," - -	Sullivan.
March, - - -	"Purini," - -	E. Neyer.

PRAYER. By Rev. GEO. T. DOWLING.

INTRODUCTORY ADDRESS.
By Prof. T. F. ALLEN, A.M., M.D., LL.D., Dean of the Faculty.
CONFERRING OF DEGREES.
By Mr. EDMOND DWIGHT, of the Board of Trustees.
MUSIC.
Selection, - - "Amorita," - - Czibalka.
PRESENTATION OF PRIZES.
By Prof. WM. TOD HELMUTH, M.D., President of the Faculty.
First Faculty Prize, a Microscope, valued at $100.
Second Faculty Prize, a Microscope, valued at $50.
The Wales Prize, for highest standing in all the Junior and Middle Studies, "A Helmuth Pocket Case."
MUSIC.
Waltz, - - "Gypsy Baron," - - Strauss.
ADDRESS.
To the Graduating Class, by Rev. GEO. THOMAS DOWLING, Cleveland, Ohio.
MUSIC.
Aria, - - "Attila," - - Verdi.
CLASS VALEDICTORY.
By GEO. W. MCDOWELL, A.M.
MUSIC.
Neapolitan Song, "Funniculi Funnicula," Denza.

BENEDICTION.

MUSIC.
Le Petite Postilion, - - - Fahrbach.

GRADUATING CLASS, '86.

Willis L. Bartholomew.....Potsdam, N. Y.
Eri D. Bemiss.....Welland, Can.
Charles E. Dodge.....Whitefield, N. H.
George Butman Dowling.....New York City.
*John William Dowling, Jr., A.B., M.D. New York City.
Frederick Augustus Faust.....Poughkeepsie, N. Y.
John Thomas Gill.....Monroeville, Ohio.
Albert C. F. Grimm.....New York City.
William Griswold.....Jersey City, N. J.
Walter Scott Hall.....New York City.
J. Henry Hallock.....New York City.
George T. Hawley.....Clinton, N. Y.
James Lansing Hiller.....Hartwick Seminary, N. Y.
William Theodore Hudson.....Brooklyn, N, Y.
Oren G. Hunt.....Nunda, N. Y.
Walter Hastings Jones.....Hartford, Conn.
E. Elmer Keeler.....New York City.
Stephen Herrick Knight, A.B.....Salem, Mass.
George Washington Lewis, Jr., A. B.....Buffalo, N, Y.
John Isley Licorish.....Barbadoes, West Indies.
George W. McDowell, A.B.....New York City.
John Wales McMillan.....Jersey City, N. J.
William Pierce Manaton.....New York City.

* Regent's Degree, M. D., New York State University, Albany, February, 1866.

Lynn Arthur Martin.....Binghamton, N. Y.
Francis Howe Munroe.....Hackettstown, N. J.
George Herbert Nichols.....Brooklyn, N. Y.
S. Willard Oley.....New York City.
Charles Eugene Putnam.....Jordan, N. Y.
Warren Uel Reynolds.....New York City.
Amos M. Ritch.....Portchester, N. Y.
David J. Roberts.....Waterville, N. Y.
Herbert E. Russell.....New York City.
Peter Gordon Smoot, A.B.....Marysville, Ky.
Sumner A. Stacey, A.B.....Marietta, Ohio.
John A. Stutz, A.B.....Washington, D. C.
John Walter Telford.....Margaretville, N. Y.
Thomas Theel, M.D.....New York City.
Walter Elbert Thorpe.....Bristol, Conn.
Frank W. Van Alstyne.....Chatham Centre, N. Y.
William Parish Wentworth.....Hinsdale, Mass.
Walter B. Winchell, A.M.....Brooklyn, N. Y.
Eugene B. Witte.....Belvidere, N. J.

Alumni Association Meeting.

AFTER the close of the exercises at Chickering Hall a large number of the Alumni of the College gathered at Delmonico's to elect new officers for the coming year and discuss the viands prepared for them. At the business meeting of the Alumni Association the President, Dr. W. L. Fisk, presided. Fifty-seven new members were proposed and accepted. This number includes a large proportion of the Class of '86. The following officers were elected for the coming year: President, Dr. Geo. S. Norton; Vice-presidents, Dr. F. H. Boynton, Dr. C. W. Butler, and Dr. Everett Hasbrouck.

Secretary, Dr. Charles McDowell; Treasurer, Dr. E. H. Porter.

Various reports were read and acted upon, and an adjournment was taken to the dining-room.

Alumni Dinner.

IT was rather late in the evening when the members of the Alumni Association and their friends marched into the large dining-room at Delmonico's and took their places. There was a goodly number present, however, and every one being in a pleasant humor, nobody minded the hour. Dr. W. L. Fisk presided, and among those who occupied the seats of honor on either hand were Prof. T. F. Allen, Prof. J. W. Dowling,

Rev. Dr. G. T. Dowling, of Cleveland; Prof. S. H. Talcott, Dr. G. S. Norton, the new President of the Association; Dr. J. T. Greenleaf, of Oswego, and Dr. W. S. Hall.

The courses followed each other in rapid succession. They were interlarded with college songs, led by the Glee Club, in which all joined with a will. This singing was a very pleasant feature of the evening.

With the coffee and cigars came the toasts.

The first one of the evening, drank standing and in silence, was to Samuel Hahnemann.

Prof. T. F. Allen, Dean of the Faculty, was then called upon to respond to the toast, "Our Alma Mater." Dr. Allen clearly defined the attitude of the college, the work it was trying to do, the difficulties it met and its needs for the future. So fully had the Board of Trustees realized the latter that they issued an appeal to the public generally, but especially to the Alumni. Gifts and bequests are needed to procure for the college a building of its own and facilities for the best medical instruction. The sum which it was desired to obtain was $250,000, and it was hoped that the members of the Alumni Association and other graduates would contribute $50,000 of this amount.

Later in the evening President Fisk announced that Prof. Allen had subscribed $1,000 toward this fund. In concluding Dr. Allen challenged Dr. Dowling to explain why he had put two sons into a profession already so crowded. In responding Prof. Dowling was very happy in his remarks. Rev. George T. Dowling of Cleveland, O., responded to the toast "Our Sister Profession, the Ministry," in a very pleasant vein. Prof. S. H. Talcott in responding to the toast "The Profession" was so full of stories that though he promised several times to get down to business it was always another side-splitting tale.

The poem which Dr. J. T. Greenleaf read in response to the toast "The Old Alumni and the Alumni of Old" was full of pleasant music.

In response to the toast, "The Class of '86," Dr. W. S. Hall, of that class, spoke for several moments. His remarks will be found elsewhere.

When President Fisk introduced his successor, Dr. G. S. Norton, there was a storm of applause. Owing to the lateness of the hour Dr. Norton made no extended address to the Association, but merely thanked its members for the honor conferred on him.

Then the assembly broke up, and after many adieux the members of the Association parted, some to meet again next year and some perhaps never.

Response to Toast, "The Class of '86."

BY W. S. HALL.

MINGLED feelings that cannot be described are striving for the mastery on this occasion. But joy is present in the heart of every graduate on realizing that at last the long, hard struggle is over, and that to-morrow will dawn for us as never before. As the youngest child is usually thought by fond parents to be superior to the others, may we not presume that this class is proudly regarded as such by our professors?

A striking example of the thoroughness with which it has canvassed all subjects of vital importance was manifested last night in the Hahnemannian Society. When before has it held such a commencement? The loyalty of its members caused them to burst the bounds of all previous years, and, with fitting complacency, they assembled in the auditorium of a theatre. This same spirit was also shown at the beginning of the term in the election of their quiz masters. So careful were they to choose men well tested in previous years that, probably for the first time in the history of the Society, it has not been deemed necessary to make a single change. The enthusiasm of each member of the quiz has continued unabated to the end, and thus the almost universal high standing at the examination can be accounted for. Whenever a question has been missed at the faculty quiz, the respective quiz master has felt the pangs of remorse that he had not laid more stress on that particular point.

Another record which the class leaves behind, and of which it is truly proud, is the class paper.

The discrimination and care with which they chose their best material to conduct it was worthy of so great a cause. The personal attention and intense interest displayed by each member of the class in collecting large quantities of valuable matter, thus allowing the editors to spend their time in selecting the very best, accounts for the result of which you are the witnesses.

Our Class Poet has softened the pillow of each man, while our Prognostitian has faithfully warned all of their future dangers, and from them you may acquire a more familiar acquaintance of its members. This class can boast of what few ever did before—an absence of black sheep, a paucity of cliques, of rings, of whist and toboggan clubs, while gentlemanly courtesy is extended by each to the other on all occasions. The only epidemic that has spread has been *hard work* and close application to study; but whether any shining light will appear the future must determine. Their meekness is certainly striking, and it required a *rush* to impress on the minds of those to follow that they were "grave and reverend seniors." Their behavior has not been spotless, but it certainly has improved since the Dean found it necessary to remind them they were gentlemen. The religious element has never been prominent, but their familiarity with hymns shows their training has not been neglected. The standard of music has been so high songs have not been permitted, save the choicest selections, led by the best talent and under most favorable circumstances.

Each man when he entered college felt he was a host in himself, else how would he have dared to undertake a course involving such responsibilities? It is easy to tell how they feel now, judging from remarks made on many occasions, and you will admit there is much hope for them, especially if what is contained in the following incident may be depended on: One of the students walking leisurely up Broadway at twilight last fall heard a gentleman ahead of him say to his friend: "Yes, he has been successful, and he attributes his immense fortune to a discovery he made when he graduated from college." The student's curiosity was intensely aroused, and with bright visions of success for himself, if he could only learn what was that wonderful secret, he adroitly managed to escape observation, and at the same time to linger sufficiently near to hear what followed. "Yes," continued the gentleman, "when Mr. B. graduated from college he discovered" (here the student's heart beat so violently he could scarcely catch the words) "he discovered that he knew *nothing*." If there is a man in this class who has not already made that discovery, it is not the fault of the faculty. Every hour of every day we are impressed with the importance of the special subject before us, while midnight finds us muttering, "a life-time of study will never master all this!" Six average pellets may be taken at a dose. One has been given this class which every attempt to swallow causes a globus hystericus, and no wonder, for twenty years has not proved long enough for a most successful practitioner and eminent writer to coax it past his œsophagus. The "Dry Wit" of the class very pertly remarked: "If there be nothing in high potency, what brilliant results await us if we use them, for see what they have done for others!" He might have queried: "If the expectant treatment of typhoid with no medicine whatever shows the best results, why is it necessary to use any potency at all in that disease?"

The college days are over, with all their blessings, their trials and triumphs. Although we may not express in words the feelings we bear towards each of those our patient guides, our actions shall prove that the cause of our Alma Mater shall be our cause, and her interests our interests. The last act of the graduates before leaving their college seats was to vote a contribution of $42 to the college library, hoping their example would be followed by their successors. As the members of this class have been able to pass successfully the ordeal to which they have been subjected; as they know their duty and are determined to do it, who can fail to anticipate that they will prove a blessing to humanity and an honor to the profession?

"WHAT we know is of small account; what we do not know is enormous."

MARQUIS DE LAPLACE.

Ozoniferous Essences as Antiseptics.

LISTERINE possesses essential properties analogous in their effects to the ozoniferous ethers so highly recommended by Dr. Benjamin Ward Richardson and others as deodorizers and disinfectants for the sick-room, and should be used in the same way—sprinkled over handkerchiefs, garments and the bed-linen of fever cases. Mantegazza, "On the Action of Essences and Flowers in the Production of Atmospheric Ozone, and on their Hygienic Utility" (*Rendiconti del Reale Instituto Lombardo*, vol. iii., fasc. vi.), as quoted by Fox on Ozone, reports that the disciples of Empedocles were not in error when they planted aromatic and balsamic herbs as preventatives of pestilence. He contends that a large quantity of ozone is discharged by odoriferous flowers, and that flowers destitute of perfume do not produce it. Cherry-laurel, clove, lavender, mint, lemon, fennel, etc., are plants which develope ozone largely on exposure to the sun's rays. Among flowers, the narcissus, heliotrope, hyacinth, and mignonette are conspicuous; and of perfumes similarly exposed, eau-de-cologne, oil of bergamot, extract of mille-fleurs, essence of lavender, and some aromatic tinctures. He also points out that the oxidation of the essential oils, such as nutmeg, aniseed, thyme, peppermint, etc., are convenient sources of ozone, and concludes that the ozoniferous properties of flowers reside in their essences, the most ozoniferous yielding the largest amount of ozone. It is of such aromatic essences that Listerine is composed, and hence its efficacy under the circumstances indicated. —*The Sanitarian*, November, 1885.

THE HIGHEST POTENCY.—The highest and most useful potency of China ever produced has been made by Mr. William Weightman, of Philadelphia. He has made twelve million dollars from Cinchona bark. No doctor ever made such a potent sum. Even a microscopist could see metallic particles in that potency.—*Ex.*

"THE habitual use of alcoholic stimulants, although never in excess, is *always* productive of disease." J. W. DOWLING, M.D.

Exchanges.

THE *Century* for March has for a frontispiece a portrait of Emilie Castelar, the orator. William Jackson's paper on Castelar is a strong one, and well repays perusal. A novel article is that by Mr. and Mrs. Joseph Pennell, describing their trip from Florence to Rome. Mr. Howells's new novel, "The Minister's Charge," is continued and increases in interest. Gen. Buell contributes the leading war paper, entitled "Shiloh Reviewed." Dr. Washington Gladden talks of the weakness and strength of socialism. The number is a strong one and above the average.

Book Notice.

The American Homœopathic Pharmacopœia, third edition. Thoroughly revised and augmented by JOSEPH T. O'CONNOR, M.D. Boericke & Tafel, New York, Philadelphia and Chicago, 1885.

THIS third edition of the American Homœopathic Pharmacopœia bears witness to the conscientious and thorough work of the reviser. Only a small part of the former edition is retained. The chemical articles have been almost entirely rewritten; botanical descriptions have either been greatly condensed or in some cases considerably expanded. An attempt is made to give credit under each article to the first prover or introducer of the remedy; some difficulty, however, was experienced in doing this, and in many cases the name is omitted. The book has been planned, say the publishers, "to include all medicinal substances used in homœopathy, either fully or partially proved, as well as others in actual use or occasional demand, to identify them accurately and concisely after the highest authorities, to give reliable working formulas for the preparations of the chemicals, and finally to cement them with remedial agents after the rules laid down by Hahnemann." It does not need more than a hasty examination of the work to show that the publishers have done all they planned to do. The book is very handsomely bound and should be owned by every homœopathic physician in the United States.

AN IRREGULAR.

TWO physicians met in the street one day. Says Dr. A.: "Do you know, I suspect that Dr. J. is irregular?"

Says Dr. B. (in horror): You don't say so! How did you come to suspect him?

Dr. A.: Why, I find that all his patients recover.

College Notes.

DR. E. H. PORTER, '85, has opened an office at 461 West Seventy-first street, New York City.

DR. A. M. TRACY, '83, has again become a happy father. It is another son, named A. M. Tracy, Jr.

DR. E. L. WYMAN, '75, of Factorypoint, Vermont, recently presented the college library with a large number of medical journals.

DR. W. K. INGERSOLL, '79, Professor of Histology in the Hahnemann College, Philadelphia, made a call lately upon his classmates, Profs. White and Wilcox.

WE find upon the editorial staff of the *Physicians' and Surgeons' Investigator* the names of Professor Wright, Dr. J. W. Buell, '77, and Dr. G. R. Stearns, '78.

WE find mentioned in the *Medical Investigator* that Dr. S. P. Barchet, '75, who has spent many years as a missionary in China, has returned, and reports a number of interesting cases peculiar to that country.

DR. J. A. FREER, '85, formerly surgeon at the Homœopathic Hospital on Ward's Island, has removed to Washington, D. C., where he will engage in practice. Dr. Freer has many friends here who wish him success in his new home.

DR. S. L. HALL, '75, Health Officer of Port Chester, when enclosing his subscription for the year, took occasion to pay us a most gratifying compliment concerning the management of the current volume of THE CHIRONIAN. The Doctor still retains a lively interest in his Alma Mater and all pertaining thereto.

K. B. BULLEL, '85, is going to England soon to spend another year in special study. He has recently graduated from the New York Opthalmic Institute. The thanks of the College are due the Doctor for the present of a bound volume of a Calcutta medical journal.

A NEW Medical Society was recently formed in New Jersey, which rejoices under the euphonious name of the Communipaw Medical Society. Dr. L. A. Opdyke, '85, is the president Dr. E. H. Porter, '85, vice-president, and Dr. James Hoffman is treasurer. This new Society has a brilliant outlook, and its membership is rapidly increasing.

SWAYED by mingled feelings of pleasure and regret, we pick up our Spencerian, No. 5, and for the last time address the readers of THE CHIRONIAN as an editor.

In years to come the most pleasant memories of our college days will be revived by each number of our journal, which we hope may long continue in its semi-monthly visits. Good-byes always savor of unpleasant things, so we have none to give. We simply say that, if the readers of THE CHIRONIAN have taken the pleasure perusing our columns we have in the labor of preparation, we are satisfied. E. E. K.

Class Meeting.

AT a meeting of the Class of '86, held Friday evening, April 9th, it was voted that each member of the Class should give $1 toward buying books for the Library; and that a Committee of three be appointed to take charge of the matter —not only investing the money in books, after consulting the Dean, but soliciting from those members of the Faculty and Alumni who had written works the gift of the same to the Library. The Committee appointed consisted of Messrs. Winchell, Stacey and Reynolds. Forty dollars were collected from the Class and has been partly expended.

Profs. Allen, Helmuth, Houghton and others have promised to give their books, and Hurlburt, Gross & Delbridge, and Boericke & Tafel have each contributed a number of volumes of their publications. It is hoped that others, whom the committee will not be able to see personally, will send in contributions of books, magazines or money.

Permanent Organization of '86.

AT an early hour on the morning of April 16th, after the Alumni Banquet at Delmonico's, '86 held a Class Meeting, before dis-

banding, for the purpose of forming a permanent organization. The officers elected are as follows: President, D. J. Roberts; Secretary, W. U. Reynolds; Treasurer, W. T. Hudson. The Executive Committee consists of the above officers. In order that the secretary may always be able to furnish the addresses of the Class, it is necessary that each member should take a personal interest in the matter and give notice of any change in his own location.

Where We Are Located.

SO far as we have been able to learn our classmates may be found by the following addresses:

W. L. Bartholomew.....Odgensburg, N. Y.
C. E. Dodge.....342 East Twentieth street, N. Y.
F. A. Faust.....South Berne, N. Y.
J. T. Gill.....Munroeville, Ohio.
A. C. F. Grimm.....208 East Eighty-fifth street, N. Y.
Wm. Griswold.....Ocean Beach, N. J.
W. S. Hall.....245 West Forty-eighth street, N. Y.
J. H. Hallock.....27 Bayard street, N. Y.
G. T. Hawley.....366 West Fifty-fifth street, N. Y.
J. L. Hiller.....Hartwick, N. Y.
W. T. Hudson.....218 Livingston street, Brooklyn.
O. G. Hunt.....201 East Twenty-third street, N. Y.
W. H. Jones.....Five Points House of Industry, N. Y.
E. E. Keeler.....1,566 Park avenue, N. Y.
S. H. Knight.....Hahnemann Hospital, N. Y.
G. W. Lewis, Jr.....Buffalo, N. Y.
J. J. Licorish.....Barbadoes, W. I.
G. W. McDowell.....Harlem, N. Y.
J. W. McMillan.....Jersey City, N. J.
L. A. Martin.....Binghamton, N. Y.
F. H. Munroe.....Ward's Island Hospital, N. Y.
G. H. Nichols.....230 Leonard street, Brooklyn.
S. W. Oley.....241 West Thirty-sixth street, N. Y.
C. E. Putnam.....Ward's Island Hospital, N. Y.
W. U. Reynolds.....184 Second avenue, N. Y.
A. M. Ritch.....145 Macon street, Brooklyn.
D. J. Roberts.....,Ward's Island Hospital, N. Y.
H. E. Russell.....30 East Seventy-fourth street, N. Y.
P. G. Smoot.....Maysville, Ky.
S. A. Stacey.....Marietta, Ohio.
J. A. Stutz.....Washington, D. C.
J. W. Telford.....Margaretville, N. Y.
Thomas Theel.....127 East Tenth street, N. Y.
W. E. Thorpe.....Bristol, Conn.
F. W. Van Alstyne.....Chatham, N. Y.
W. P. Wentworth.....Hinsdale, Mass.
W. B. Winchell.....Waterville, N. Y.
E. B. Witte.....Princeton, N. J.

Marriages.

DR. E. P. GOODRICH, '77, who has practiced a long time in New Britain, but now located at New Haven, was married lately to Dr. Lila A. Rendell of that city.

Odds and Ends.

A FRIENDLY CAUTION.

SICK HUSBAND: Did the doctor say that I am to take all that medicine?

Wife: Yes, dear.

Sick husband: Why, there is enough in that bottle to kill a mule.

Wife (anxiously): Then you had better be very careful, John.

JENNER was much given to versification. On one occasion he sent a brace of ducks with the following lines to one of his patients:

"I 've despatched, my dear madam, this scrap of a letter,
To say that Miss Dogby is very much better.
A regular doctor no longer she lacks,
And therefore I 've sent her a couple of quacks."

—*Cincinnati Lancet.*

CURED OF HIS FAITH.—Faith-doctor to patient who has just had a séance: Now, sir, you are better! Tell me just how you feel.

Patient: Well, sir, I feel like a fool. How much is your bill?

A MAN afflicted with deafness took a prescription to a Topeka druggist, who filled it with care and in the latest style. The deaf man asked the price, when the following talk occurred:

Druggist (leaning on the counter and smiling in a won't-you-pay-up sort of a manner): The price is seventy-five cents.

Deaf customer: Five cents? Here it is.

Druggist (in a louder voice): Seventy-five cents.

Deaf customer: Well, there 's your five cents.

Druggist (in a very loud voice and very firm manner): I said *seventy*-five cents.

Deaf customer (getting angry): Well, what more do you want. I just gave you five cents.

Druggist (sotto voice): Well, go to thunder with your medicine; I made three cents any way.—*Drug Record.*